

REALLY OLD FASHION

TODAY'S MODE COPIED FROM THAT OF THE PAST.

Nothing New About the Much-Dis-cussed Designs Which Have Found Favor With the Present Generation of Good Dressers.

Women that, in obedience to fashion, sport a high standing feather on coiffure or bonnet, and thus are a nuisance in public places where spectators behind them would like to see the stage, are merely imitating their English sisters of the eighteenth century. Some one wrote in the Times of 1795: "At all elegant assemblies there is a room set apart for the ladies to don their feathers, as it is impossible to wear them in any carriage with a top. The lusters are also removed on this account, and the doors are carried up to the ceiling. A well dressed lady who nods with dexterity can give a friend a little tap upon the shoulder across the room, without incommoding the dancers. The ladies' feathers are now generally carried in the sword case at the back of the carriage.

In Berlin the number of men between seventy and eighty is 12,898, while the number of women is 25,204. In Greater Berlin the figures are 20,049 and 37,520, respectively. The number of men between eighty and ninety in Berlin is 2,036, and the number of women is 5,371. Three out of every four nonagenarians in this city are women.

"Lady Jockeys" promise to be a regular feature of races in France, but the woman cab driver, the "femme cochere," is disappearing from the streets of Paris. Six years ago there were at least 100; now there are only six or seven, and of these all but one will soon disappear. The survivor says that at first men rushed for cabs driven by women, and gave generous tips, but that was when the woman cab driver was celebrated in song and in the revue. Then came neglect. This reminds us that about half a century ago Mrs. Cuyler of London was known as the "Cabman's Terror," for she knew the distance between any two points and handed the exact fare. And now there is a woman in London who is accused of this hobby: She takes taxicabs and compels the drivers to sue her for their fares.

The hobby of certain swell women in Paris is a more amiable one. They make shoes. The Daily Chronicle says that this a reversion to a London mania of over a century ago. Mrs. Charles Calvert wrote in her diary on May 4, 1808: "I begin a new science today—shoemaking. It is all the fashion. I had a master with me for about two hours, and I think I shall be able to make very nice shoes." And in the same month Lady Sarah Spencer wrote to her brother: "I am today in a state of great vanity. I have, to my eternal glory be it spoken, made a pair of shoes. There is for you! So if all other trades fail I shall certainly establish myself cross-legged at the corner of an alley and earn a livelihood in the midst of leather, awls, and hammers. In the evening Harriet and I divide our time between music and shoemaking, which is now the staple trade of the family."—Philip Hale in Boston Herald.

Almost Victim of Tiger.

A thrilling experience with a tiger, occurred to a man named Campbell, son of the superintendent of police of Hazaribagh, India, a few days ago. Campbell was cycling from Hazaribagh to Hazaribagh Station, a distance of forty-two miles, when at the twentieth mile, he noticed a road roller on the side of the road, and as he approached this object a huge tiger which had been sleeping suddenly sprang up and barred further progress. Campbell, who has only one arm, did not have any other weapon than an ordinary small pistol. Being an experienced hunter, seeing the man-eater about to spring, he dismounted his cycle and placing the machine in front of him, scared the tiger away. The animal made its way into the jungle, which is very thick at that part of the road, and young Campbell, mounting his bicycle made off. There has been a large increase in man-eaters in the Hazaribagh district of late, owing to the decrease in the rewards for their capture.

Had Her Eye on Him.

A well known writer was present recently at a dress rehearsal of a comedy played by amateurs at a London theater. The rehearsal went well, but the hero, whom we will call B., seemed rather hard and cold. The novelist sat in the stalls next to a charming lady of middle age. She said, at the end of the third act: "I goes beautifully, doesn't it?" "Beautifully," said the gentleman. "But B— doesn't make love to that pretty girl in as ardent a manner as I could wish. His love-making, in fact, strikes me as very tame and spiritless."

The lady frowned. "He won't put any more spirit in it while I've got my eye on him, let me tell you," she said. "I'm Mrs. B—"

Tragic Cook.

Guest (who has been invited to supper by an actress)—Our hostess prepared this little feast with her own hands, she tells me. What do you say to that?

The Other Guest (shrugging his shoulders)—That she is a tragedienne in the art of cookery, also.

ALL PRAISE TO MARMALADE

Remarkably Capable Woman Satisfied She Owed Her Position to That Sweet Dish.

Two women—Queen Maud of Norway and Queen Alexandra of England—are geographically commemorated in the new south polar region so lately placed upon the map. Like honors were accorded several women in the far north many years ago. Lady Franklin bay, named after the heroic wife of Sir John Franklin, is well known through its association with the tragic story of the "Lady Franklin Bay Expedition," under General Greely, thirty years ago.

Another distinguished woman, Lady Franklin's friend, Mary Somerville, the famous astronomer and mathematician, gave her name to a tiny, frozen, desolate dot in the Arctic seas. The daughter of a fine old fighting admiral, Mrs. Somerville was always keenly interested in ships, sailors and explorations. So when her friend, Sir Edward Parry, was preparing for his third arctic voyage, she laid in a large supply of oranges, betook herself to her kitchen, and made an amazing number of jars of delicious orange marmalade, which she sent to him as her contribution to the ship's stores.

Three years later, when the expedition returned, Sir Edward informed her that an island had been named in her honor.

"Because of fame and friendship, he says," she wrote, merrily. "But I believe in my heart because of something quite different—less sweet than friendship, perhaps, but certainly, as a woman's achievement, preferred by most men to fame. My mathematics—no! my marmalade!"

If she did not so far outrank the rest of her sex in marmalade as in mathematics, Mary Somerville was none the less a very capable housewife. She was an economical manager, an exquisite needle-woman, and an excellent cook. As a young bride, she won the approbation of Doctor Somerville's family, who shared the contemporary prejudice against learned ladies, by making, under the grave difficulties presented by an ill-equipped, ramshackle country inn, the clear and delicious currant jelly that the fancy of a sick traveler craved.

"I never can forget," she recorded in her journal, "the astonishment expressed at my being able to be so useful."

Boy Sets New Page in Tragedy.

A boy killed seven persons in a farmhouse near Nantes, France, one night recently. The crime, which is one of the most terrible recorded for years was committed by a boy of fifteen, Marcel Redureau who murdered the seven people, and then went home to bed. Redureau was employed by a farmer named Mabit in the village of Le Landreau. He and the farmer were working in the wine vat at ten o'clock at night, when Mabit made an observation to the boy which he resented. Redureau, who had in his hand one of the short sharp curved knives used to trim the vines, immediately stabbed the farmer in the neck. This is the boy's own description of what happened, as the police took it down from his lips when they had saved him from being lynched by the villagers: "I did not deserve what Mabit said to me. He had his back turned to me, and I stabbed him with the knife. Then I saw red. I went straight into the farmhouse and cut old Madame Mabit's throat. She screamed, her daughter-in-law and the servant came running. I killed them both. Then I went into the children's room and cut the throats of all three (the children were eight, seven and two years). I did not see the other child, and I do not regret what I have done."

"Grip Fast."

Some interest was aroused in the old country by the announcement that H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, our governor-general, recently paid a visit to Ireland, no doubt to find out for King George the exact position of matters in the Emerald Isle.

During his stay in Ireland the duke was the guest of Colonel John Leslie, veteran baronet who belongs to the house of which the Earl of Rothes is the head. Colonel Leslie, who was formerly in the Egyptian Expedition, served in the Egyptian Expedition, and in South Africa. He is a prominent man in County Monaghan, which his father formerly represented in the house of commons. There is an interesting legend—not accepted by the family—concerning the motto which Sir John Leslie and the Earl of Rothes have adopted—"Grip Fast." The story runs that as Queen Margaret of Scotland was crossing a swollen river she was thrown from her horse. A Leslie caught hold of her girdle, whereupon the Queen cried out: "Grip fast!" and to mark her gratitude, desired those words to be retained as her rescuer's motto.

The Very Human Worker.

A curious type of labor dispute has developed simultaneously in two different directions in the shipbuilding industry on the Clyde and among the coal-trimmers at Cardiff. In each instance the trouble has been caused by the fact that a number of workers prefer the enjoyment of their due leisure to working overtime, even for a considerable addition to their wages. They are not willing to sacrifice their half-holiday in order to gain more money by doing more work, the less so as they have to resist the pressure of their womanfolk, who argue that when the husband works on Saturday afternoon the wife must work also in preparing his meals and bath.—London Daily Mail.

Practical Set in Natural Marabout.



MARABOUT is another name for down, which is coming more and more into use as a substitute for furs in muffs and neckpieces. Down forms a part of the plumage of so many birds (all of them, perhaps), that we need not concern ourselves as to its origin. It comes in white and what is called "natural" color, by which is understood a dark brownish gray or taupe color. It is also dyed into any color wanted.

Ostrich is used in conjunction with it oftentimes in making up neckpieces and muffs. There are many grades of marabout, and at first glance it is not easy to distinguish between the fine and the poor goods. All are fluffy and attractive. But the best grade is selected and has long silky fibers.

Marabout is more attractive in white or the natural color than in any of the dyed colors, unless it be the pale tints of blue or pink or yellow. Bands of it are fashionable as a dress trimming. There is an increasing demand for it for this purpose. Whenever a fur border might be used the marabout substitute is altogether satisfactory. It is so light in weight that it sometimes has an advantage over fur in this respect.

Made up into neckpieces and muffs

it is the most desirable wear for between seasons. There is an unbelievable amount of warmth in it. It seems to generate heat, but of course it only holds it. This gives it a cozy feel, which for days that are simply chilly and not severely cold, is pure comfort. In sets for early winter wear or for all winter wear its light weight commends it for coats, matinees or visiting toilettes.

A beautiful set is pictured here, consisting of a cape with fitted ends, and a large, flat mull. The mull is in the natural taupe color, which with harmonious with about every other color under the sun of shade.

The cape is a new model fastening about the throat in the fashionable "V" shape. Soft ribbons, matching the marabout in color, are used as a decoration. The mull is made of a sufficient length to be thrown clear around the throat and over the shoulder in case the throat needs protection.

Marabout is very grateful. It will stand much wear for airing and shaking out cause the tiny fibres to fluff in a way highly pleasing to the eye, and as fast as fur, and far less expensive than any fur that looks as well.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

OPERA TUNIC AND HEADDRESS IN LATEST MODE

A VERY brilliant toilette in fact, about the most brilliant (speaking literally), may be accomplished with one of the spangled and beaded tunics which are purchased ready to adjust over a princess slip of silk or other suitable fabric. These tunics range in price from inexpensive ones of beaded net or chiffon at fifteen to twenty-five dollars up to expensive ones at fifty dollars or more. They are fragile but brilliant, and they are very graceful. The weight of the beads in fringe or ornamental band about the bottom holds the garment to the figure. It need hardly be mentioned that they are at least in questionable taste when worn in daytime.

Tunics fashionable just now show a predominance of small crystal beads and bugles in their composition. But there is a mixture of these with pearls and jewels—especially pearls. The pattern is sewed on net—a strong, fine Brussels net, as a rule—but mousseline-de-soie and dress-chiffon are also used for garments in which the embroidery of beads is not very heavy.

A really gorgeous evening gown is shown here, consisting of a white satin princess over which an embroidered tunic of white chiffon is worn. This is richly embroidered with beads in black and white, with a generous mixture of rhinestones. The design leaves nothing to be desired for the woman whose figure is fine enough to warrant a garment designed to set it off. There is a "baby" waist of white chiffon with moderately low neck.

The choice of black or white, or black and white in these beaded tunics is a happy one. Gray, blue and tan or brown are also tasteful. With so much "shine" in the embroidery, very brilliant colors are not needed. There is a certain reserve in the quieter tones that is an element of beauty.

With the tunic pictured here a silk girdle in one of the new bright colors is worn finished with a lovely corsage rose. The corsage rose is a feature of these gowns so altogether beautiful and appropriate that one cannot tire of it or imagine anything quite so good in its place. It is a sort of sunning up—a symbol of the gown and the wearer.

These roses are made of silk or ribbon in most cases. Velvet is effective use for them, and millinery rags (collage in velvet) is sparingly used with them, and sometimes no foliage appears in their mounting.

For the completion of such a toilet a careful coiffure must be planned and

faultlessly executed. One who wears in the picture is the one who is one of those in which small ringlets or loose puffs cover the crown of the head, and a headband with a rhinestone buckle at the front and a tall, upstanding ostrich wiggle plume, with head curling backward.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful and beautiful.

HIS REASON FOR HAPPINESS OYSTER SEASON. HERE

Very Much Like a Man, But Not at All Complimentary to the Bride.

"There's no accounting for tastes," said Simeon Ford, the New York humorist. "There's no accounting for tastes in happiness, or hotels, or politics."

"Two men sat in the lobby of my hotel the other night, arguing vociferously, while a third man smoked a long and costly cigar, and listened to the argument with a calm, comfortable, serene air.

"The argument was about happiness. The men claimed, for different reasons, that it was impossible to be perfectly happy—or, as one of them put it:

"No fallible human being is capable of so forgetting life's trials and tribulations, of so withdrawing, so to say, from his defective mortal entity, as to become completely possessed, even for a moment, with a sense of perfect happiness."

"The speaker turned to the man who was smoking the long, expensive cigar so comfortably.

"Don't you agree to that, sir?" he asked.

"The other flicked off his ashes with a chuckle.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am perfectly happy now."

"What!" cried the first speaker. "You mean to say you are perfectly happy—enrapt in the present moment—oblivious of all the troubles of the universe? Perfectly happy—come, now!"

"Perfectly happy," said the stranger, firmly. "Perfectly, absolutely happy."

"He blew a half-dozen rings up into the air and, as he watched them dissolve, he said:

"Happy, perfectly happy. You see, gentlemen, I have been on my honeymoon for six days. Six days on my honeymoon—and this is the first time I've managed to get off to have a smoke."

Best Material for Bows.

Having made bows for the last twenty years, during which he has supplied archers in many parts of the world, a Civil war veteran who is now living on the coast declares that the best bow material in the world. He obtains his yews in the Cascades at an elevation of not less than 5,000 feet, selecting young trees from eight to ten inches thick, which he cuts into three and a half foot lengths, and splits into quarters, cuts out and trims away the heart wood and the sticks out on pack horses. With one of these bows a deer was killed at a distance of 62 yards. Nearly all of his bows are now in the hands of archery enthusiasts of America and Europe.

Apology in His Will.

The will has lately been proved of a tradesman in a fairly prosperous part of business in the Midlands which is remarkable for a statement he makes therein. He left his property to his children, remarking: "I have little to dispose of, and I hope those I leave behind will not be disappointed and revile me for having been too parsimonious. I should have said, Had I known that competition in trade would decrease to the extent they have, it would have been different, but there—it is no use lamenting too late." His will otherwise is quite ordinary, and he left what would appear to have been a fair competence.

Catch Phrase in Paris.

It would be difficult to say whether English or French catch phrases are the more irritating and stupid. The great phrase of the moment—heaven knows why—is: "Thanks for the lobster." It is impossible to get away from this "damnable iteration." If you want to write a few words on a picture postcard, it is the formula par excellence. The words since conversation between all sorts of people, and you may even be rung up on the telephone for no other purpose than to hear: "Merci pour la langouste." It will, of course, pass, like other would-be witticisms of the kind, but the meantime it is devastating Paris like a plague.

Filled With Woe.

Mistress—Bridget, did you see the girl?
Biddy—O'Galway—Yis, ma'am.
Mistress—Did he pull your tooth?
Biddy—O'Galway—Sure, ma'am, he didn't lay a han' to it to pull at all. He scooped it out wid a wee hoe, an' then he druv it in to stay firiver—wid a plug on the top av it to kape it tight. What with him upsettin' the sate he put me in, an' tyin' a dirty bit av an 'old gum shoe' in me mouth fer a dib, an' making a noise the size of a coffee mill in me hid, I'd laver walk the fure an' scrame!"—Puck.

Forewarned.

"I cannot understand why my second husband is so fastidious," confessed a New York woman to her bosom friend. "He scarcely eats anything. My first husband, who died, used to eat anything I cooked for him."
"Did you tell your present husband that?"
"Yes."
"That's the reason!"

In the Beginning.

"The parol might be considered the feminine of the umbrella, I suppose."
"I suppose so. What about it?"
"I was just wondering if the first parol was made from an umbrella's rib."

SOME METHODS OF PREPARING THIS GENERAL FAVORITE.

Better Than Serving Raw, Stewed or Fried—Kabobs May Be Recommended—Scrambled With Oysters—Excellent Pan Roast.

By LIDA AMES WILLIS.

No true oyster lover falls in appreciation of the merits of the raw oyster, served without the accompaniment of coarse vinegar and peppery sauces. If one must resort to such condiments to enable one to eat the delicate monster uncooked, then one's palate lacks discrimination and delicacy. Here are four of the best recipes known:

Kabobs.—Remove the gills and muscular part from large oysters. Dip each in melted butter, then in seasoned dry bread crumbs. String six oysters, alternating with them strips of sliced bacon cut same size, on a small silver or aluminum skewer. Lay these in a frying basket and immerse in deep, hot fat, frying a nice brown. Serve with little lemon and tender, crisp celery.

Scrambled Eggs, With Oysters.—Put a piece of butter in your omelet pan, and when melted, add as many eggs as required and a tablespoonful of cream to each egg; scramble, and before the eggs are cooked add the oysters, well drained and small sized; a seasoning of salt and pepper and a little minced parsley, or instead of the parsley add a little celery salt. Cook until the edges of the oysters curl, then remove at once from the fire and turn onto a heated platter.

Southern Pan Roast.—The largest and finest oysters should be used for this purpose. Drain them well and heat in a deep frying pan, with a generous lump of butter melted. Cover the pan and shake constantly over a hot fire. Have ready a dish well buttered and garnished with parsley and lemon. When the oysters are brown, turn out on the dish, add salt and dust of pepper and pour over the oysters a little melted hot butter, mixed with a teaspoonful of minced parsley.

Oyster Salad.—Cook the oysters in their own liquor until they are plump and gills ruffe. Drain and season with salt and pepper and set in ice chest to cool. For 100 large oysters take two heads of lettuce, chill and arrange the leaves in your salad bowl and turn the oysters into the center of the lettuce heads, having cut out the coarse stems. Mince a few olives or capers and sprinkle over the oysters and serve mayonnaise dressing with the salad. If you have some good home-made celery vinegar, use it in making the mayonnaise for your oyster salad.

Larded Calf's Liver. Wash a fresh calf's liver and soak it for an hour in cold water; wipe dry and with a sharp knife make incisions clear through the liver an inch apart. Into these put strips of fat salt pork long enough to project on both sides. Into the bottom of the pot put a tablespoonful of minced onion, some chopped parsley, pepper to taste and a half cupful of strained tomato juice. On this lay the liver, sprinkle with salt and as much onion on top as there is below. Cover lightly and set on part of the range where it will not reach the boiling point for an hour. Gradually increase the heat, but never let it be strong, for two hours more, when uncover the pot for the first time to see if it be tender. Take out the liver and keep hot while you strain the gravy. Thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour wet in cold water. Pour over the liver. Carve it horizontally.

How to Cook Endives. The following is an excellent French way of cooking the endives: Boil the leaves in lots of salt and water; when tender, pour the whole thing into a large sieve, and, as soon as the hot water has drained away, put the sieve under a tap and let cold water run on it for a few minutes. After the cold water, put the endives on a chopping board or rub it through a fine sieve; in both cases return it to the fire after putting it into a china saucepan, with a pat of butter and one teaspoonful of fine flour. Melt and mix the butter and flour, stir in the vegetable, and let it simmer 15 minutes. Add a little cream or milk quite at the last moment, to make it look soft and pretty.

Washing Flannel. To keep flannels from shrinking wash them in the following way: Shred a piece of the best white soap, boil it in a quart of water, have ready a tubful of warm water, pour in the boiled soap and make a good lather. Then place the flannels to be washed into this, wash them thoroughly in it, but do not rub soap on them. Rinse in warm water, wring out and dry as quickly as possible in the open air out in the sun. When this is finished, iron when sufficiently dry with a warm iron.

English Hot Pot. On a cold night nothing is finer for supper. One pound pork chops, four or five onions, eight or nine potatoes, salt and pepper. Slice potatoes. First a layer of potatoes, then a layer of onions, then a layer of pork, cut up, and so on until all the things are used. Have the top layer of potatoes. Salt and pepper and fill with hot water. Bake in a moderate oven two or three hours. Cover with a plate until the last half hour. This is delicious enough for three or four people.